Douglassville, Tex.,
Nov. 16th 1927.

My dear Cos. Jina:-

Many thanks for the very pleasant surprise you gave me a few days past, in the form of this fine picture of you so appropriately framed. I have hung it by my oldest brother (deceased) portrait in oil, that I painted while in St. Louis - This links present incidents to past, in a very unique way. (You are indeed a loyal Cos. and so was Seymour - The first letter I rec'd from him last Spring in writing of his poor health and inability to write, he dictated "If I were able to write to any one Coo. that I'd choose to write to you." - A very sweet echo from the Past, when I was absolutely unconscious of living - Now I am morbidly conscious - and then comes to mind (as often does) a line in Tom Norwood's book "Who does not wish the truth had never been known

As a rebuttal to this, there comes to mind another from Ella Wheeler Wilcox: "No pain like the intense pain? There ne'er the intense joy," And Mrs. Browning's statement "Being and suffering, which are one."

I'll leave off philosophizing and write about folks and not feelings -

More than a year past I wrote an open letter to the Thomaston paper - I think I've written this to you - Anyway that letter led to an exchange of several letters with Supt. John A Thomas. His mother was one of my two music teachers in Thomaston - from 7 to 12 yrs. old - Miss Mary Gardner who married Alex Dallas was my first. Then Mrs. Thurston - Mr. T - has sent me near 1 doz views of Thomaston - All pleasant memories are mingled with so much pain - but there has to be a contrast -

I've recently had a letter from Fannie Compton inviting me to visit her in Fla - They seem to be very pleasantly located - I'd like to be with them a few days - John's wife - guess you remember that fine lo-

over,

she is - tells of an Uncle in their family who made himself remembered by the expression: "Don't visit anywhere longer than three days or the folks will find out your weak places and faults." Pretty good advice I guess, but we were never that way in the Old Wilson home. And I have so many lovely friends who have visited us there. Echoes are continually coming to me. I have written this little enclosed poem - I have it typewritten, but will copy and make it a part of my letter.

Thanking you again for your picture and asking to be lovingly remembered to all I remain

Ever the same

"Cas. Mary -

My folks are all well - and each one busy meeting Life -

A Picture of the Old Home.

By Mary Greene Wilson.

I painted a picture to-day of the old home
That was burned five years ago.
And called an old friend by, and asked.
"Do you know that place!"
"Oh it is your old home
Did you have a picture for copy
And may I see it?".

"Yes I have a picture for copy,
But I hardly think you can see it,
For it is on memory's wall, made
After the manner of burnt wood-work,
With steel heated to white heat."

I painted a picture today of the old home
That I entered, a bride, long years past.
There my five children gave the first wail of
And two of these, their last sigh.
I made it a glowing sunrise picture,
And gave the foliage an oak
And hickory, century old,
The bright tints of Autumn;
Thus commemorating emblematically
The beginning and close of life.

I painted a picture to-day of the old hom

For many years we called "Oak Hall."
To-day I re christened it with memories
Mixed with the paints,
And gave it a new name --
"A place where there's no heart-ache" --
For there's not a living object in sight;
Not even the Master's horse and dog
Waiting at the gate;
For the Master has gone to the Realms Eternity.
From Which no Traveller returneth --